NUMB. XXXVII.

The SPECTATOR.

——Non illa colo calathiſve Minervæ
Fœmineas aſſueta manus.—— Virg.

Thurſday, April 12. 1711.

SOME Months ago, my Friend Sir ROGER being in the Country, encloſed a Letter to me, directed to a certain Lady whom I ſhall here call by the Name of *Leonora*, and as it contained Matters of Conſequence, deſired me to deliver it to her with my own Hand. Accordingly I waited upon her Ladyſhip pretty early in the Morning, and was deſired by her Woman to walk into her Lady's Library, till ſuch time as ſhe was in a Readineſs to receive me. The very ſound of a *Lady's Library* gave me a great Curioſity to ſee it; and, as it was ſome time before the Lady came to me, I had an Opportunity of turning over a great many of her Books, which were ranged together in a very beautiful Order. At the End of the *Folio's* (which were finely bound and gilt) were great Jars of *China* placed one above another in a very noble piece of Architecture. The *Quarto's* were ſeparated from the *Octavo's* by a pile of ſmaller Veſſels, which roſe in a very delightful Pyramid. The *Octavo's* were bounded by Tea Diſhes of all Shapes Colours and Sizes, which were ſo diſpoſed on a wooden Frame, that they looked like one continued Pillar indented with the fineſt Strokes of Sculpture, and ſtained with the greateſt Variety of Dyes. That Part of the Library which was deſigned for the Reception of Plays and Pamphlets, and other looſe Papers, was encloſed in a kind of Square, conſiſting of one of the prettieſt Groteſque Works that ever I ſaw, and made up of Scaramouches, Lions, Monkies, Mandarines, Trees, Shells, and a thouſand other odd Figures in *China* Ware. In the midſt of the Room was a little Japan Table, with a Quire of gilt Paper upon it, and on the Paper a Silver Snuff-box made in the ſhape of a little Book. I found that there were ſeveral other Counterfeit Books upon the upper Shelves, which were carved in Wood, and ſerved only to fill up the Number, like Fagots in the Muſter of a Regiment. I was wonderfully pleaſed with ſuch a mixt kind of Furniture, as ſeemed very ſuitable both to the Lady and the Scholar, and did not know at firſt whether I ſhould fancy my ſelf in a Grotto, or in a Library.

Upon my looking into the Books, I found there were ſome few which the Lady had bought for her own uſe, but that moſt of them had been got together, either becauſe ſhe had heard them praiſed, or becauſe ſhe had ſeen the Authors of them. Among ſeveral that I examin'd, I very well remember theſe that follow.

Ogleby's Virgil.
Dryden's Juvenal.
Caſſandra.
Cleopatra.
Aſtræa.
Sir *Iſaack Newton's* Works.
The Grand *Cyrus*: With a Pin ſtuck in one of the middle Leaves.
Pembroke's Arcadia.
Lock of Human Underſtanding. With a Paper of Patches in it.
A Spelling Book.
A Dictionary for the Explanation of hard Words.
Sherlock upon Death.
The fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.
Sir *William Temple's* Eſſays.
Father *Malbranche's* Search after Truth, tranſlated into *Engliſh*.
A Book of Novels.
The Academy of Compliments.
Culpepper's Midwifery.
The Ladies Calling.
Tales in Verſe by Mr. *Durfey*: Bound in Red Leather, gilt on the Back, and doubled down in ſeveral places.
All the Claſſick Authors in Wood.
A Set of *Elzivers* by the ſame Hand.
Clelia. Which opened of it ſelf in the Place that deſcribes two Lovers in a Bower.
Baker's Chronicle.
Advice to a Daughter.
The New *Atalantis*, with a Key to it.
Mr. *Steel's* Chriſtian Heroe.
A Prayer Book: With a Bottle of *Hungary* Water by the ſide of it.

Dr. *Sa-*

Dr. *Sacheverell*'s Speech.
Fielding's Tryal.
Seneca's Morals.
Taylor's holy living and dying.
La Ferte's Inſtructions for Country Dances.

I was taking a Catalogue in my Pocket-Book of theſe, and ſeveral other Authors, when *Leonora* entred, and upon my preſenting her with the Letter from the Knight, told me, with an unſpeakable Grace, that ſhe hoped Sir ROGER was in good Health: I anſwered *Yes*, for I hate long Speeches, and after a Bow or two retired.

Leonora was formerly a celebrated Beauty, and is ſtill a very lovely Woman. She has been a Widow for two or three Years, and being unfortunate in her firſt Marriage, has taken a Reſolution never to venture upon a ſecond. She has no Children to take care of, and leaves the Management of her Eſtate to my good Friend Sir ROGER. But as the Mind naturally ſinks into a kind of Lethargy, and falls aſleep, that is not agitated by ſome Favourite Pleaſures and Purſuits, *Leonora* has turned all the Paſſions of her Sex, into a Love of Books and Retirement. She converſes chiefly with Men, as ſhe has often ſaid her ſelf; but it is only in their Writings; and admits of very few Male-Viſitants, except my Friend Sir ROGER, whom ſhe hears with great Pleaſure, and without Scandal. As her Reading has lain very much among Romances, it has given her a very particular Turn of Thinking, and diſcovers it ſelf even in her Houſe, her Gardens and her Furniture. Sir ROGER has entertained me an Hour together with a Deſcription of her Country-Seat, which is Situated in a kind of Wilderneſs, about an Hundred Miles diſtant from *London*, and looks like a little Enchanted Palace. The Rocks about her are ſhaped into Artificial Grottoes covered with Wood-Bines and Jeſſamines. The Woods are cut into ſhady Walks, twiſted into Bowers, and filled with Cages of Turtles. The Springs are made to run among Pebbles, and by that means taught to Murmur very agreeably. They are likewiſe collected into a Beautiful Lake, that is Inhabited by a Couple of Swans, and empties it ſelf by a little Rivulet which runs through a Green Meadow, and is known in the Family by the Name of *The Purling Stream*. The Knight likewiſe tells me, that this Lady preſerves her Game better than any of the Gentlemen in the Country, not (ſays Sir ROGER,) that ſhe ſets ſo great a Value upon her Partridges and Pheaſants, as upon her Larks and Nightingales. For ſhe ſays that every Bird which is killed in her Ground, will ſpoil a Conſort, and that ſhe ſhall certainly miſs him the next Year.

When I think how odly this Lady is improved by Learning, I look upon her with a mixture of Admiration and Pity. Amidſt theſe Innocent Entertainments which ſhe has formed to her ſelf, how much more Valuable does ſhe appear than thoſe of her Sex, that employ themſelves in Diverſions that are leſs Reaſonable, tho' more in Faſhion? What Improvements would a Woman have made, who is ſo Suſceptible of Impreſſions from what ſhe reads, had ſhe been guided to ſuch Books as have a tendency to enlighten the Underſtanding and rectify the Paſſions, as well as to thoſe which are of little more uſe than to divert the Imagination?

But the manner of a Lady's Employing her ſelf uſefully in Reading ſhall be the Subject of another Paper, in which I deſign to recommend ſuch particular Books as may be proper for the Improvement of the Sex. And as this is a Subject of a very nice Nature, I ſhall deſire my Correſpondents to give me their Thoughts upon it.

Compleat Setts of this Paper, for the Month of March, are to be ſold by Mr. Graves in St. James's Street; Mr. Lillie, Perfumer, the Corner of Beauford-Buildings; Mr. Sanger at the Temple Gate, Mr. Knapton in St. Paul's Church-Yard, Mr. Round in Exchange Ally, and Mrs. Baldwin in Warwick-Lane.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

This Day is publiſhed,

Mr. Oznam's Compleat Treatiſe of Fortification, in 6 Parts, 1ſt Regular Fortification, 2d, Conſtruction of Outworks 3d Diffaces: Methods of Fortifying, as by de Ville, Errard, Pagan, Vauban, Coehorne, and ſeveral Nations. 4th Irregular Fortifications, 5th Fortification Offenſive, and 6th Defenſive. With near 60 curious Copper Plates explaining every particular Part; more plain and eaſie than any extant. Done into Engliſh by Mr. Deſaguliers of Hart-Hall in Oxon, with an Appendix concerning that manner of Fortifying, which is truly Mr. Vauban's. Never before in Engliſh, in large 8vo. Sold by M. Hawkins at the Angel in St. Paul's Church Yard, and J. Morpeow near Stationer's Hall. Note, Mr. Oznam's whole Courſe of the Mathematicks will be publiſhed in 2 Months, in 5 Vols. in 8vo. The 1ſt contains an Introduction to the Mathematicks, Euclids Elements with large Notes and Demonſtrations, and his Algebra. The 2d Vol. Arithmetick, Trigonometry, &c. The 3d Geometry, &c. in every part. 4th Mechanicks (to which is added by way of Notes whatever is in Dr. Wallis) and Perſpective. The 5th Vol. Geography, Dialling, &c. With ſeveral Hundred Copper Cuts, and the moſt correct and uſeful Tables yet Extant. The Price of the whole is 30s. bound; but to thoſe that Subſcribe now, with Advantage of the 7th Book, comes to 24s. bound. Subſcriptions are taken in at moſt Bookſellers in London and Country, and Subſcribers Names Printed if return'd in time.

Whereas it hath been reported that Carew Reynell, Mercer, at the Black-a-Moors Head in Bedford Street Covent Garden, is minded to leave of his Trade, this is therefore to ſatisfie all Perſons whom it may concern, that the ſaid Report is utterly falſe and groundleſs, and that the ſaid Carew Reynell has no ſuch intention, but continues at the aforeſaid Shop together with his Partners, Triſtram Huddleſton, Iſaac Spiltimber and Samuel Wrexham, the ſaid Triſtram Huddleſton and Samuel Wrexham being removed from the Wheat-Sheaf in Bedford Street to the Black a Moors Head, viz. where there is the greateſt variety of new Silks of all kinds and ſo as from the higheſt to the loweſt price, to be ſold at reaſonable rates.

The Comical Works of Don Franciſco de Quevedo, Author of the Viſions. I. The Night Adventurer, or the Day Hater. II. The life of Paul, the Spaniſh Sharper. III. The Retentive Knight, and his Epiſtles. IV. The Dog and the Fever. V. A Proclamation, by old Father Time. VI. A Treatiſe of all things whatſoever. VII. Fortune in her Wits, or the Hour of all Men. Tranſlated from the Spaniſh. The Second Edition. Printed for Ja. Round at Seneca's Head in Exchange Ally 8vo.

A freſh Parcel of very handſom Silk Gowns being laid in this Day at Mrs. Attaway's, in Devereux Court, in the Paſſage from the Temple to Eſſex Buildings, this is to deſire all Gentlemen and Ladies that want to come there, where they may be furniſhed with great Variety, and at a cheaper Rate than any Shop in Town can pretend to ſell them.

This Day is Publiſh'd,

A Poem to the Right Honourable Mr. Harley, wounded by Guiſcard. Printed for Jacob Tonſon at Shakeſpear's Head over-againſt Catherine ſtreet in the Strand.

Juſt Publiſhed, and Printed very Correctly, with a neat Elzever Letter, in 12mo. for the Pocket,

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